

OUR UNCLE'S GATE.

Nye Inspects It and Makes Some Suggestions.

A DAY AT THE BARGE OFFICE.

Some of the Immigrants Who Come to America to Roast—He is Just a Trifle Too Severe.

[FOR THE SUNDAY HERALD. By special arrangement with the author.]

The past three months in the history of foreign immigration to these shores have been the heaviest corresponding months in the whole time since Poy-lan-tan, the ponderous chief, in the midst of a council fire looked suddenly across the dimpling sea and said to one of his stenographers, "Alas! we are discovered."

So, therefore, while we legislate against the manufactured articles of the European, we receive the European him-



AT THE BARGE OFFICE.

self by the thousand, and seek to educate and deodorize him, and make a voter of him at a rapid rate.

A short time ago I spent an afternoon at the landing place of the imported citizen, the new and temporary Castle Garden at the Barge office. It is very much crowded, of course, but good natured officials handle the great multitude—the jabbering, excited mob, flavored with the essence of flora de bilgewater—as easily as we used to run our steers into different shutters, or brand the bleating calves on the asphyxiated plains of Wyoming in the years ago.

The wealthy tourist who dreads sea sickness fills his patrician port full of champagne as he goes up the gangplank, and cheerily sends one slug of extra dry to commune with "another unit, with a head upon him like the Sphinx, he steps ashore more or less artificially elated, and glad of it. But the steerage gentleman with more to disturb him in a gastric way must submerge himself with raw spirits or vodka or Tabasco sauce.

I stood on the wharf and watched these future voters as they landed. The hyena diago with the murderous can opener concealed in his boot, the coyote from the rural districts of Russia, the rough and tough element from away back up the Gulch of Desperation, grown in the back lot of tyrannical centuries and fostered by the ammonia of decomposing kingdoms.

Some of these emigrants are returned, not because they are lacking in merit, but because they are not available for our columns. With no money and friendless and jobless, evidently the debris of a European almshouse, they go back if they are not bright enough to conceal the fact. Also the contract labor people—if they give it away, but they do not. Will he cruminate himself and go back to a lingering death when he has a job here already engaged? Scarcely!

Therefore the officers who have the duty of ascertaining these facts are working under very heavy odds. An elderly gentleman—I say gentleman because he had never worked—landed while I was there. He was an Englishman fresh from the venerable almshouse of the mother country. He told Mr. Simpson so because he didn't know any better. The almshouse from which he came did not give him a dress rehearsal before he left.

"And why did you come here if you had nothing or wouldn't work?"

"Why, me dear man, I thought it would be no 'arm to change me diet. They gave me a pound and said God bless you, do you know, and told me to try a New York poor-house, where they have fresh buffalo cutlets every day and wild geese that the paupers kills in the almshouse yard now and again."

He is now doubtless on the briny wave, gayly returning to England along with a case of mal de mer, wishing, no doubt, that he had known more on the start and gradually added to it on his way to America.

Gen. O'Brien, the superintendent of immigration, has an office in the corner of the big granite building, and back of that is the human corral, where busy officials sort the stupid mass of dazed and still wobbly steerage people through their various shutters and toward their destination, all the way from Massachusetts to Montana, though most of them will remain to roasts the peanut and sicken the rag or select the mayor for New York.

The freshening breeze pours in at the rear of the barge office all the time, but it has its hands full. It is laden with the salt and salvation of thousands of miles of ocean, and is used to it besides, and yet it has my sympathy.

The first job, of course, is to record the name, nativity, age, sex and destination of the emigrant, also to learn if he has any money. Some of them cannot understand this. They want to know why anybody should have the right to inquire into their affairs that way. Then the money, if they have any, is changed into American money, and a receipt given besides for the amount so changed. No chance for downing the new citizen in that way.

While I stood there an Irish girl paused at the registry desk, gave her name and her age. Then, when asked if she had any money, she said she had two pounds, and that Mr. McGoggin, "a gentleman I met on the stamper, has me money. I'm goin' wid him, sor, to Colorado."

"And have you no friends that you were to meet here?"

"Sure I've a brother in Brooklyn that he mate me here, but I've agraide wid Mr. McGoggin, I met on the stamper, to go wid him to Colorado."

So the search began for Mr. McGoggin. He was found down in the branding chute, for he couldn't get away, and was brought up to be identified. He was a very plain man, indeed, was Mr. McGoggin, with a reticent nose that looked like a swan back dormer window in a gale of wind. He had nice warm red throat whiskers and a rich tonsillitis of voice. Mr. McGoggin reluctantly gave up the two pounds, and the red checked girl with the trusting heart was told to remain riveted to that spot till her brother from Brooklyn came for her.

"You girls," said Mr. Simpson, "make us more trouble than all the rest put together. You suspect nobody except the people who are trying to take care of you. Quick as you step out the door of the barge office you hand over your tin box to the first yahoo that speaks to you, and start for Goliad or the Yamhill valley on foot with him if he says so. That was a fine bird, indeed, that you picked up on the steamer and gave your money to, wasn't he? That mug of his would ston a Broadway car."

Somehow it seems to me that we are getting a much tougher crowd of emigrants each year than we got the year before. They are not in such a good state of preservation as they used to be. There is more contract labor and imported pauper business than there used to be.

"We have to look out for poor people who land here," said an official, "and not let them starve. If we do not send them back we must keep an eye on them. The local authorities will not give them a mouthful till they have been here a year. I used to be called on regularly over at the Castle by a big red faced Englishman for help. Every day he was there. Finally I got tired of giving him bread tickets. It hurt me internally every time I did it, so I said at last: 'Get out of here. I am done helping you. Begone! You are so healthy it makes me mad, and you stroll about the battery and eat the bread of idleness, preferring it to the kind that people get by honest sweat. Get out! Scat!'"

"And do you refuse to give me bread?"

"Yes, I do."

"Very well, sir. I'll report you to the British consul."

"And so he would, too," said the official. "A big, two fisted man, who knew the record of every ball game and pugilist in England, what he weighed in condition and out of condition, who his parents were away back to the Conquest and whose kennel he belonged to, and yet he wouldn't beat a carpet or help lift a piano in the land of his adoption."

While I was present a young man in some way got mixed up at the gangplank with the emigrants, and was forced by the crowd up the stairs into the corral while the gate was closed, and he for the time had to be an emigrant. He swore quite a good deal because he could not get out, and spoke disrespectfully of the environments; but his environments enjoyed it first rate.

He had a good deal of difficulty in proving that he was a resident of New York and not a European pauper. Finally he was permitted to escape, and the way he lit out brought back to my mind the day when I hurried back to Washington from Ball Run, fearing that other excursionists might precede me and get the most desirable rooms at the hotel.

There is a style of reciprocity now existing between this country and Europe which, as an American of French



HIS EXIT FROM HULL REN.

descent, I desire hereby to dislike and most earnestly deplore. We are not only the recipients of innumerable paupers and slaves—for the contract laborer is nothing less nor more than an unshackled slave—but the mother country sends us by every steamer from one to a dozen friendless girls, who have been shipped here by faithless lovers to hide their disgrace in America. These girls we get in exchange for the handsome daughters of our swaggering young republic, who go abroad dowered with the dollars of their dads to wed the moth eaten suckers of some great family tree. It is not a fair swap.

We give our most beautiful and best, and in return we get the cast off, slatternly mob of doubtful debutantes and the unacknowledged children, perhaps, of a concupiscent nobility.

If the allied powers and other tottering dynasties whose rulers have been diseased and debauched for centuries, and who poke fun at our industry while they eat our groceries, and who live on and off their American fathers-in-law, will take back their paupers and their unshackled children, and their shiftless, spongers and erratic sparrows, and cease to ship undesirable and malarious people here every time a pest house, an almshouse or a conservatory of leprosy burns down, I for one will be much obliged, and will cheerfully return at an early date to said allied powers the restless little stowaway I caught on my coat collar after I got home from the barge office.

Bill Nye

Awful!—Dashley—Just been reading an account of a shipwreck. A crew remained for days in midocean suffering the cruellest pangs of hunger.

Cashley—Oh, pshaw! These stories are always exaggerated.

Dashley—They even thought of cannibalism when they were thrown upon a desert island, but even there they could get nothing to eat.

Cashley—Oh, they could have worried along on a little moss or seaweed or something.

Dashley—Think of it—no cigars to smoke.

Cashley (with suddenly awakened interest)—Poor devils! Horrible, wasn't it?—America.

A Cold Day.—They were walking on Connecticut

avenue yesterday afternoon, and it was cold enough to freeze the hands of a clock. She had on a pair of light undressed kid gloves and he had on mittens.

"Jinny!" she exclaimed, slapping her hands together, "but these kids are too cold for anything."

"I don't see why," he said, very comfortably.

"Don't you?" she snapped at him scornfully. "I presume it is because they are undressed."—Washington Star.



"How much for the goose? What, two dollars? You ought to be ashamed to ask such a price! I wouldn't give you one."



(At this moment the goose bites off his gold locket and swallows it.)



"You miserable little creature! Here, take your two dollars."—Exchange.

Couldn't Help Himself.—The two men had talked for a time on the train.

"Are you going to hear Barkins lecture to-night?" said one.

"Yes," returned the other.

"Take my advice and don't. I hear it's an awful bore."

"I must go," said the other. "I'm Barkins."—New York Sun.

Very Like Him.—Your son ordered these pictures of me."

"Well, they certainly look like him. Has he paid you?"

"That looks still more like him."—Fliegende Blätter.

Consideration.—Wife—John, I hear burglars down stairs, you'd better get up.

Husband—Sil! Don't think of such a thing! I might startle him, and who knows?—perhaps the poor fellow has heart disease.—Binghamton Leader.

Not Improbable.—Culby—I want to ask you for your daughter's hand.

Stern Parent—Huh! you want to have possession of it, I suppose, so that you can make her put it in my pocket for you.—Munsey's Weekly.

Love's Laugh.—Mr. John Smith (trying to get her to elope with him)—Love laughs at locksmiths, darling.

Darling (indignantly)—Yes, and at John Smiths, too! Good evening, sir.—Washington Star.

The Inevitable Result.—Cobwiger—What did you do when you came to that part of your dream when all your hopes seemed about to be realized?

Merritt—Woke up.—Munsey's Weekly.

Of Course.—"Schneider, what is the name of that new powder they're using in the army to prevent night attacks of the enemy?"

"Insect powder, of course."—Fliegende Blätter.

An Outcast of Fortune.—The sound of a fearful racket came from up stairs, and when the mother went up Tom was giving Jim bodily injury to the best of his ability.

"Here, here, what's the matter? Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Thomas, for striking your little brother? Oh, for shame!"

"Well, he made me mad. Because he's got another big boil on his neck he said you wouldn't let him go to school today, and that the circus was going to be here this afternoon. He's getting all the boils and I don't get none. I wish there was no circus. I never did have my share of fun in this house."—Philadelphia Times.

Bogus.—"And how is our old friend Sharpy doing now, Boggs? Well, I hope," said Billy.

"I am sorry to say that, on the contrary, he is doing ill enough," replied Boggs.

"Why, I heard he was coining money."

"So he is, and that's the trouble. It's a pretty poor counterfeit he makes, too."—Chicago Times.

Impertinent Curiosity.—"How old are you?" asked a justice of the peace of Jim Webster, who was under arrest for stealing chickens.

"I dunno," said the dorky.

"When were you born?"

"What am I to do ob me tellin' you 'bout my buffady; you ain't gwine to make me no buffady present."—Texas Siftings.

The Reason.—Maud—Here's a lovely bracelet from papa, with a card attached to it wishing me a merry Christmas.

Mabel—Lovely! But I wonder why dear papa always writes it "Xmas."

Maud—Maybe it is because the bills make him "cross."—America.

Indispensable.—Customer (at any Chicago clothing store)—I don't see anything here of the right shade.

Clothier—What shade do you want.

"Something Chicago mud won't show on."—Chicago Tribune.

CHARIOTS IN THE SKY

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Yesterday I talked with Dr. McBride, the chairman of the executive committee of the new movement, and with Evangelist George C. Needham, the secretary. It was Dr. McBride's Centennial Baptist church in Brooklyn that the late conference was held, the influence of which is extending over the entire country. It is noticeable that, with few exceptions, all the men foremost in the Pre-Millennarian agitation are in the prime of life and the busiest sort of church workers.

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The movement has gone like a whirlwind in both continents. It is not to be confounded with the various other prophetic bodies, which for a time flourished luxuriantly in this country and which seem now to have made England their special sphere of operations. Some of these bodies are Pre-Millennarians, but they differ materially from others in many essential points and they fix dates as persistently as did the Millerites, invariably setting the fulfillment of prophecy forward seven more years after each successive failure, and still clinging tenaciously to their calculations, despite the ridicule of the critical and unbelievers. One of the leaders of the date-fixing Pre-Millennarians—a well known London publisher and expert at prophetic computations—has shifted his advent calendar repeatedly. His latest date for the end of the present epoch is April 11, 1901. In 1890, according to his reckoning, and as accepted by a very considerable following, Britain will be separated from Ireland and France will be enlarged to the Rhine; in 1891 and 1892 Anti-Christ, in the guise of a descendant of the Napoleons, will arise and make covenant with the Jews for seven years; in 1895 Jewish sacrifices will be resumed in the temple at Jerusalem; in 1897 will take place the ascension of 144,000 living Christians. Then, in 1898 will take place the final three and a half years' tribulation and universal presentation of Christians, ending in 1901 with the destruction of Anti-Christ and the wicked at Mount Olivet in the battle of Armageddon, after which Christ will appear, and all such calculations are repudiated by the Pre-Millennarians proper, who believe, however, that the day of the Lord's reappearing on earth is near, although they do not fix the hour of his appearing."

Christmas morning nearly 1600 years ago, but bursting upon the sight of the whole world at once and equally visible in China, Australia, the Poles, Europe and America. The living and dead saints are then to be caught up in the air, where they will stay during the "time of great tribulation" that is to follow on the earth. The remnant of God's people will then be subjected to such violent persecution at the hands of anti-Christ that their total destruction will be threatened. The final scene of anti-Christ's power takes place when all are assembled on the plain of Armageddon for battle. Christ will then descend on the Mount of Olives and with his angel host will utterly rout the armies of the oppressor and usher in the thousand years of blessedness, which, the Pre-Millennarians hold, will be the result and not the precursor of the advent. This, in brief, is the belief which is wondrously stirring up the churches everywhere to day.

These Pre-Millennarians are untiring workers and they are intensely in earnest. They maintain an active propaganda from now until the meeting of the great conference next year, when it is confidently expected that all the Protestant denominations will be fully represented. Pre-Millennarian literature will be scattered like snowflakes all over the world. It will be a campaign of agitation everywhere. Spreading out from the Plymouth brethren and later from the Baptists, who gave it its recent impulse, the movement bids fair to embrace all Christendom and to awaken such a revival of interest in the second advent as has never been witnessed since the apostolic days, when every follower of the Nazarene was watching and waiting for his coming. To the Pre-Millennarians the air is already burdened with the sounds of rushing chariots and the rustle of angelic wings.

DAVID WEISLER.

Pimples AND Blotches

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